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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1855.

THE Editors of THE CRAYON would not have it understood that they endorse the extracts they make from books or papers in all cases. The opinions of men are often given as matter of interest, although THE CRAYON might dissent entirely from them.

In order to distinguish between the communications by artists and those non-artistic, the former will, hereafter, in all cases, be signed in black letter, the latter, as usual, in Roman capitals.

We should be obliged to our weekly exchanges if they would place us on the footing of the monthlies in the matter of notices.

REV. LUCIUS CRANDALL is authorized to travel and obtain subscriptions for THE CRAYON.

We shall omit our usual leader until the warm weather shall have passed, and enabled us to return to the regular exercise of our powers of thought, and shall at the same time endeavor to give our readers more light reading, fitting for the weather. In the fearful heat to which we are subjected in the city, it is often impossible to perform any severe mental labor, and we presume equally difficult for our readers to labor through it.

Sketchings.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWBURG, Sept. 25th, 1855.

I NEVER pass through the Highlands without being surprised at the beauty of the scenery, or feeling that I never fully saw it before. I have a hundred times instituted the hackneyed comparison between the Hudson and the Rhine, and when I was on the river, I have awarded the palm to the former, but once buried in the city, out of sight of both, the flood of romance and inner echoes of song and martial shout from the Rhineland rises over and hides the western highlands. Standing on the deck of the boat, the Hudson is more beautiful and grander, but its grandeur is one with which no human greatness mingles—nothing from the ideal, and so to me it always seems smaller in memory than in the actuality, while the Rhine swells and broadens, and its hills grow higher when you see it no longer, because the crags are higher by the human glory piled on them, and the stream wider and fuller by all the emotion which past generations have poured on it. Wait until the battles of the Revolution have become the world's battles, and the traditions of republican America become the traditions of a republican world, and then our river will be as beautiful and ideal as the Rhine, and infinitely more grand and impressive.

I left New York yesterday as the sun was sinking, a passenger on a Newburg barge. The comfort and quiet of this mode of conveyance is beyond all that I have hitherto experienced in travelling by water. There is neither the smoke nor clatter of steamers, or the swing and creak of tackle, and running to and fro of sailors, or the sloops. The day had been perfect, sunny and cloudless, with an autumn vigor and bracingness hid beneath the glow; and as we swung out from the wharf, in tow of the steamer, we had to move cautiously through the crowd of sloops and schooners which drifted with their sails scarcely filled, and dividing their allegiance

between the dying winds and the new flooding tide. The sun was going down in a yellow haze, and the water westward was a flood of molten gold, streaked with blue where the sails of the vessels intervened, and cast long shadows through it. The Jersey distances faded away in amber light, and on the east side of the river, the sun poured full and warm. Sails, rigging, and the wilderness of houses, with the index steeples above, were ruddy and glowing. Mysterious dashes of light played on the water, reflected from windows which were not, themselves, visible, and while we, wondering, looked for their source, they disappeared. The sunlight grew more and more ruby in its tone, and the little windows in the church spires looked like gems set there, and sparkling and twinkling like stars. Cabin windows of far-off ships at anchor cast instant gleams of light up to us, and we were dark again. As the sun sank, the water passed into shadow, and the white wakes of steamers changed from rosy to blue, and wharves and hulls of vessels grew sombre while the light climbed up the sails and the red brick fronts of the stores on West street, until soon the churches alone told that they kept the light in view. The groves of the Elysian Fields westward sunk into mellow deep green, and the grey rocks of the Palisades scarcely were relieved from the foliage below—all objects were confused under the intense glow of the twilight sky.

The moon, nearly full, came up as we passed the Palisades, and as the gold faded from the west, leaving the sky purple and deep-toned, the rocks and bluffs became pale and silvery with the moonlight, and spectral vessels glided silently by. We talked about the romance of the Hudson, of Rip Van Winkle, and the Culprit Fay, that wildest and most fanciful attempt to engraft old traditions on new stocks; the stumbling-block of criticism, and the attractive night-mare of artists. As a poem, the Culprit Fay has enchanted me, confused me and annoyed me from the days when I began to conceive illustrations for everything I read. Take the opening lines. I believe they are so, for it is years since I have seen the poem:

"The moon looks down on old Cro' nest,
And mellow the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge grey form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below."

The second line has a softening tone, and the epithet "shaggy" is so just, so like what one feels looking on the hills along the Hudson, that we take it as suggestive, though as an artist I cannot conceive how the moonlight can mellow shades. But let that go. The "grey" mountain-side in the moonbeam is true, and few people I believe have learned that moonlight gives the landscape almost a grey monotone; the fourth line is brilliant, but to think of the mountain throwing a "silver" reflection on the water! I would like to see an artist attempt to paint a mountain reflected lighter than water which reflects open sky, or so as to give an impression of silveriness, as compared with the latter. No! there are licenses permissible, but

that, not even to Turner. And the form is full of such passages, full of fancy and feeling for Nature, but not imaginative, because not truthful. Well, we talked over the poem, and agreed to tolerate it, and even to like it, though it was so wofully diverse from the standard—sat awhile in silence watching the moonbeams weaving all kinds of nets in the wake of our flotilla, nets of silvery lines with meshes of black, and then went to bed.

When we got out of our berths in the morning, and opened the state-room windows, the light streamed in from the eastern sky, where fleeces of delicate clouds were already enjoying the light of the sun. The mountains opposite the village were pale and "flat" in the morning haze, and loomed up faint blue-grey against the sky. Down the river masses of vapor were floating up the bold mountain-sides, and the distant peaks were dimly visible through the gate of the Highlands. A few white sails were loitering by, and while I was looking and wishing for the sun to warm the morning air, the clear whistle of the locomotive rang with its echoes through the hills, and a long, rushing, rumbling whiteness was seen at the water's edge far up the river. It was the morning train from Poughkeepsie. The signals for stopping and for starting again rang out on the stillness, and it was away speeding towards the great city. Then the sun came up so grateful, and the prominences on the distant mountain-side caught the light as he rose higher and stole out of the mystery of the shadow lured by the warmth and genial glow. I had finished my breakfast, and walked out on the hills behind the village, commanding a view of the river and highlands, before the sun had entered the ravines with his light.

To-morrow I shall leave for Whitehall, en route for the Adirondack.

W. J. S.

THE Mercantile Library Association have lately received from Henry A. Stone, Esq., a present of two statues in marble, called "Truth" and "Silence," from the chisel of Joseph Mozier, Esq., a well known American sculptor, lately residing at Rome. These statues were purchased out of the artist's studio in Italy, for the purpose to which they have been appropriated, and they will always stand as a noble memento of the donor's generosity, as well as good judgment in the selection of subjects so pertinent to the institution where they have found a resting-place. The statues are placed in the reading-room of the Mercantile Library building, a place where the sentiment of each statue may be said to be imperative upon all who frequent it. It seems strange that such presentations are not more frequent, considering the large number of men, and wealthy men too, who are ever desirous of handing their names down to remote posterity. There is no way of doing this so effectually as by transmitting a name in association with a work of Art, and if an inducement to do some good by it is needed, we believe no other means has an advantage over

the medium of Art, so far as effecting any good purpose is concerned within its sphere of action, however doubtful it may appear to those who question it. A pleasant company, composed of the Clinton Hall Association, editors, friends of Art, ladies, &c., were gathered on the evening of Friday, 21st September, to inaugurate the reception of the statues.

NORTH CONWAY, Sept. 25.

DEAR CRAYON:—I need not tell you that this is the pet valley of our landscape painters. There are always a dozen or more here during the sketching season, and you can hardly glance over the meadows, in any direction, without seeing one of their white umbrellas shining in the sun. For myself, I am a green hand at this business, having been fool enough to have wasted several years in itinerant portrait-painting—scraping up a hard living by repeated batches of still harder portraits; but I hope now to have a more jolly time—having got in with the landscape painters, a most agreeable, free-and-easy set of men—who do what they like, go where they please, smoke and paint all day in breezy and shady places, charm the world by their productions, and are, for the most part, as fat, ruddy, and self-possessed as any class of men. I was first attracted to this place by the pictures exhibited by our eminent painters of Conway scenery at the Art-Union, the Academy, and the Athenæum—representing Mount Washington towering up, snow covered and cloud-piecing—the rich meadows and luxuriant groups of trees—the Saco winding and glistening between sandy banks and over arching boughs—the artist's brook rippling over mossy stones, and sparkling in the shadows of gracefully intertwining maples and elms, &c. I was a little disappointed at first, after such exciting and imaginative works, especially in the heights of mountains and the dash of waterfalls—for Mount Washington seemed rather flat, after the snow-capped peaks I had seen him embellished with, and artist's falls trickled somewhat quietly and tamely down, compared with the foam and flash the painter had given them: but, I am getting over this verdant feeling, and understanding how to sharpen up mountain peaks, and make the spray fly nearly as well as any of them.

My first attempt at painting from Nature was a large general view of the whole valley and Mount Washington, from a point on the hill which furnished the foreground of Kensett's famous engraved work. This I dashed in with bold, broad touches, and had the whole general effect before dinner. (Speaking of dinners reminds me that this place furnishes as good an one as any hungry and weary mountain climber can wish. Mrs. Thompson's blue-berry pies are as deep, luscious, and juicy, as anything of Titian's). In the afternoon, I rubbed in the effect of a brook scene; and here, I confess, I was a little puzzled by the running water—the waving branches and the sunlight flickering about over the weeds and bushes. However, I managed to get over the ground and bring out something which, in a dim light and in-doors, I thought a very promising beginning. As the artists here are in the habit of calling on each other, and discussing the merits of various studies, I was anxious to come in for a share of the admiration which I found was liberally circulating.

Accordingly, as Mr. Durand happened to call that day to see a brother artist at the hotel, I ventured, though I suffer extremely from diffidence, to call his attention to my big sketch of the Conway valley. He looked at it silently for a little time, and, after two or three good whiffs of his cigar, remarked, "You will find it better to finish as you go on, and to pay more attention to the careful drawing of the forms. Is this

your first attempt at painting?" I replied that I had painted cart-loads of portraits, but this was my first landscape. He advised close copying of bits, weeds, rocks, &c., and thought I should improve by study. I felt a little sobered, but grateful, for this candid advice, and resolved to go to work in earnest.

My effective sketch of the brook scene was standing near, but failed to win anybody's regard, till I asked Mr. Champneys if he would give me a hint about going on with it. He said he should be very happy to do so if he knew where the scene was, and could see me when at work from Nature. This, though said very kindly, was a severe rebuke—for he had, only a week before, painted a delicately-finished view of the very spot I had chosen. This convinced me that I was very incorrect in my drawing, as well as crude and hasty in method of working. Though much chop-fallen and quite ashamed of my first efforts in landscape, I resolved to go on courageously, but with more care and minuteness.

Since these incidents, I have been incessantly engaged on two studies, with the intention of carrying them to the last degree of finish and exactness. One of these is a group of mullens, the other Mt. Washington; and both of these I am determined to master. The mullens have been in progress now nearly three weeks, and have caused me some unforeseen trouble, having shot up rapidly to seed; and I have altered and retouched their heads till they have run out at the top of my canvas. The lower leaves, too, have rotted away, or been so devoured by bugs, that I am unable to do them any justice. [Since writing the above, the whole concern has been mowed down and burnt up, and my study must remain for ever unfinished.]

When the air is pure, I work at Mt. Washington, and am getting on with the aid of a spy-glass. I have touched in the house and the flag-staff at the top, and am now devoting all my energies to the slides and gullies about Tuckerman's ravine. At present, the mountain seems rather to come forward; but I hope it will recede when I get in the strong darks of a rail-fence, which is my principal foreground object.

One of the pleasant features of North Conway is the delightful society congregated here, and the passion for Art and scenery, which, like a fever, seizes every one that comes. I have known a man who never looked at Art or nature before, to be so smitten with this Conway disease within an hour of his arrival, that horses and wagons can hardly be harnessed up soon enough to visit the ledges, the falls, the Echo lake, Diana's baths, &c., &c. Another charm here is the great number of amateur performers, and chiefly of young ladies devoted to sketching and excursions. Their sketch-books and umbrellas dot the landscape in all directions. Broad flat hats, and Alpine staves form their costume, with an occasional tendency towards the Bloomer, when they have to splash through wet places. They often stop to cheer the landscape painter at his easel, and to say, "Oh, how lovely!" "Oh, how beautiful!" and "What yellow do you use, Mr. —." I should be pleased to give you some account of the numerous excellent studies that have been made here this year, the gradual progress which it has been so delightful to witness, but my letter is already too long.

Yours, &c.,

FLAKE WHITE.

To the Editors of the Crayon:

STANSTEAD, CANADA EAST, Sept. 19, 1855.

HERE, in her majesty's dominions, I find myself in search of the picturesque, and by direction and suggestion of a friend, who in early life received lasting impressions from these leaves of Nature's wonderful book. Interesting indeed, and beautiful are the measureless distances which the eye rests upon in the wide

circuit, where mountains backed by more distant swells of varied outline melt into ether. The Memphramagog Lake cuts the middle distance like a line of silver cord, while the Massawhippi reflects the shadows of the northern hills which stretch away into colder Canada. But this is quite north enough for one who would repeat these forms upon canvas.

Yesterday, as the sun struggling through clouds sank into the west, I ascended the highest eminence here to take a view. With great coat and gloves I partially succeeded, but found a walk of two miles back to my hotel hardly enough to set my blood again in circulation. Ice formed on shallow pools here last night, and robust men found the bar-room fire essential to warm up extremities, while sundry decanters ranged in varied hues behind the bar contained the liquid fire, which briefly warmed or burnt the inner man. Pipes and cigars comforted the face. What a place the scene of such warmings, to spend an evening, and then the conversation so instructive and refining! with oaths enough to interlard a ship's fore-castle for a month. The *New York Spirit of the Times*, a sporting periodical, the only sheet to read except the comic singer's placard, and one steamboat advertisement.

The pictures which graced these smoky walls were English race-horses, standing stiff, supported by grooms. Greasy coats and old hats suspended from pegs were the ornamental accessories. What a place to stop at! "O, take me back." Yet I trust the people are not all of the stamp who frequent this bar-room of the Canada House, for the farms and neat cottages which line and dot the plain betoken thrift, quite a contrast to the rocky and barren soil which hardly keeps alive some of the hard working farmers of New Hampshire.

At Willoughbie Lake, in northern Vermont, where I stayed three or four days, there is much to interest botanist, geologist, and artist. Bold and craggy mountains rise almost, and in some parts quite, perpendicular, abruptly from the Lake, giving it more the character of the bay of Uri, on Lake Lucerne, and on the whole more Swiss than anything I have seen in New England. From the Willoughbie Lake house, neatly and ably kept by Mr. Bemis, the gentlemanly landlord, there is a remarkable view. Mt. Pisgah, on the right hand, about 2,000 feet above the level of the Lake, stands like a statue of granite, baring his rocky forehead to the western gales, and bathing his feet in the unfathomed Lake below; while sunshine and shade reveal his massive features, and rouse him into grim smile or sober majesty. Mt. Hoar, on the left, some 200 feet less in height, stands more thickly clothed with green, yet with walls of rock stretching from lake to summit. A band of distant hills unite these giant forms, and "Owls Head" looks from the blue distance. From the opposite end of the lake, six miles, the view has more of beauty, but less of grandeur. Here the lake is broad, and the distance shows outlines of mountain form of peculiar grace and picturesqueness.

From Pisgah top there is a view of interest which well pays for the hour devoted to climbing; the view from the brow of the mountain looking down upon the lake is awfully grand. This cliff has thickly bestrewn the road sides with rocky groups, which, while they are quite accessible to the artist, are rarely surpassed in foreground interest.

The Flora here is remarkable, as Mr. B. of Boston, who is now culling the "Garden of Eden," somewhere upon the craggy sides of Pisgah, between earth and heaven, can testify.

But I must come down from these heights, for the Barber has seated his Patron in the chair, for that speciality near me, and the flaying process has commenced. Time's scythe has uncovered the top of the gentleman's head, and the barber is mowing the crop from below, so

that we now have a generalization of something like a baked apple and peeled onion. "There is no accounting for taste."^{*}

With your permission I will pursue the subject, naturally growing out of the last thoughts of this letter, in another communication.

Yours, very truly,
S. L. G.

We give the following *verbatim et literatim*, composed by a colored poet, the title of which we presume, may be rendered

PATTISON;

OR, THE MAN WHO "WAS CAUGHT INTO A WELL."

GREAT news I have to-day to tell,
How Pattison was caught into a well.
He descended forty feet or more,
He heard a dreadful crash and roar.
Before he had time to look within,
To see where abouts he once had been,
The stones above came tumbling in.

The news soon reached all around,
That Pattison was buried under ground.
The neighbors then all run,
To see the place and what could be done,
And every one to moving stone;
They all went to work and nothing said.
They supposed the victim must be dead.

Buried forty feet beneath the sod,
He then petitioned to his God.
He prayed to God to save his life,
That he might once more see his wife.
He like Job did kiss the rod,
His only trust was in his God.

Then he thought about his doom—
The lonely well must be his tomb,
Friends and relations no more to see,
Soon expected to see eternity.
Death was staring him in the face,
His only refuge was in God's grace.
The neighbors threw out stone with all
their powers,
For six, or seven, or eight hours.
At last, one said he heard a voice,
Which made his drooping heart rejoice.
I heard distinctly what he said,
"The man is alive, he is not dead."
This rejoiced their hearts so well,
That they went off and rang the bell;
A messenger was sent to tell his wife,
That in her husband there was life.
Poor woman, all bathed in tears,
She had her doubts and had her fears.
They told her, and nothing said,
They soon got down and reached his head.
The neighbors all took good care,
And brought him up and gave him air.
He tarried with them over night,
And prayed to see the morning light.
And when the morning light had come,
He took the cars, and then went home.
He now praised God with all his breath,
Who had saved him from such an awful death.

FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

Who can doubt that Constantinople is about to become civilized? The Franks, we read, are preparing to make themselves merry during the winter; and, if they must eat their Christmas dinners in the poetic East, are preparing to do it with the accustomed forms. An Italian opera, a French *vaudeville*, a regular *ballet*, are to be founded on the shores of the Bosphorus; and the children of Mohammed are to be sung, intrigued, and danced into civilization. How far

^{*} We confess our inability to understand this paragraph, and therefore wait patiently for the next communication to enlighten us.—EDITORS OF CRAYON.

the "modest Turk," whom Byron represents as scandalized by the "waltz," will like the more picturesque freedom of the *ballet*; remains to be seen. Meanwhile, if the Turkish ladies can only be induced to throw aside their veils, to warble in crowded rooms, and whirl some giddy-waltzes, polkas, and mazurkas, in the arms of scarlet-coated and mustachioed cavaliers, we shall have less reason than ever to despair of the regeneration of the East.—*Athenæum*.

RAUCH has just completed the monument of the late King of Hanover. The dead monarch lies on the sarcophagus in an Hussar dress, watched by four angels, two praying and two singing. The statue is of a whiter marble than the tomb. The stern, unpleasing features of the whilome dreary duke are softened by the appearance of slumber. The same sculptor has also executed three statues of Victory for the Palace at Berlin.—The King of Prussia has given two prizes, of 300 thalers each, to be competed for by the Architectural Society at his royal and patient city.—Herr Wredon's great group of the Apostles is to be modelled for the Church at Brandenburg, where only two are now standing.—*Athenæum*.

A PUBLIC statue, in honor of the late Sir R. Peel, was inaugurated on Monday, in Birmingham. It is the work of a local sculptor, Mr. Peter Hollins; and was cast in bronze in the town by Messrs. Elkington & Mason. It is, therefore, a perfect specimen of local Art-manufacture. The figure of Peel is of the usual heroic size—eight feet and a half in height. It weighs upwards of a ton. The statue is placed upon a square pedestal of polished Peterhead granite, red and warm in tone, and in harmony with the bronze. There is a plinth also of polished granite, resting upon a sub-plinth of grey stone. The whole is placed upon an octangular platform, from which the railings and lamps spring. The total height from the platform to the top of the statue will be about 20 feet. The pedestal bears the simple inscription "Peel," in bronze. An imposing ceremonial took place at the uncovering; an immense crowd assisted, and a good deal of the customary eloquence was poured forth. Birmingham, which for many years hated the Tory leader, both as a neighbor and as a politician, has now completed its reconciliation with the Corn-Law Repealer.—*Athenæum*.

We hear that the Commissioners of Fine Arts are so well pleased with Mr. Ward's proposal to paint the series of National Cartoons entrusted to his care, and intended for the decoration of the new Palace at Westminster, in fresco, that they have agreed to restore the original pictures of "Argyll asleep in Prison," and the "Execution of Montrose," on condition that he shall copy them in fresco. These works are now in Paris, where they excite a lively interest. They were sent over by the government as fitting representatives of our modern school of historical art—having been taken down from their places in the palace for this purpose. The decision of the Commissioners will cause them to be restored to the artist, instead of being replaced in their vacant sites—an arrangement which is exceedingly beneficial to Mr. Ward, without being injurious to the public. The palace will require two cartoons better adapted to its capacities for exhibition than those which it voluntarily relinquishes; and the artist will obtain possession of two original pictures at greatly augmented values.—*Athenæum*.

"THE Lion-Slayer at Home" is the attractive heading of an advertisement announcing a new London entertainment, which was opened on Thursday evening to a select few, and to the general public on Friday evening. Mr. Gordon Cumming, a mightier hunter, perhaps, than even Nimrod himself, is the hero of the affair; which consists of a pictorial and dramatic narrative of his own wonderful exploits in the brake

and the forest—struggles with lions, serpents, wild boars, leopards, elephants, wild dogs, hippopotamuses, and other ferocious animals. It is literally a feast of blood. People who like to feel their nerves shaken—who like to "sup full with horrors"—may find an extraordinary fascination in Mr. Cumming's story. It is marvelously real—reality, indeed, is its most striking character. The hunter is real. The spoils are real. The weapons of destruction are real. The gallery in which the audience sit is literally filled with the trophies of the hunter's terrible prowess. He himself appears a slim gentleman, white of hand and delicate of feature, in a deadly circle of skulls, tusks, antlers, horns, bones, and skeletons—the remains of a whole forest population; and talks, with the easy familiarity of a boudoir, of life-tussels with cobras and lions, making small drawing-room jokes about his old enemies, and occasionally catching up a date by easy reference to his hundredth elephant encounter.—Such an entertainment, as will be seen, has much in favor of its success—a new subject, splendid accessories, and dramatic interest. The pictures are very good.—*Athenæum*.

MR. GOURLAY, a spirited citizen of Edinburgh, anxious for the further embellishment of the modern Athens, offers six prizes, of twenty guineas each, for the best designs for carrying into effect certain proposed improvements. The designs requested by Mr. Gourlay from our architects and engineers are—a cast-iron bridge from the Calton Convening Rooms to St. James' Square—a level road from Prince's street to the Grassmarket, tunneled through the High street—a level bridge from Prince's street to St. Giles' Church, with an opening into Bank street—a quadrant from John Knox's Church, extending along the north slope of the High street to the blind arches of the North Bridge—an alteration of Castle Terrace, involving the demolition of several buildings—a bridge from the Calton Hill to Ireland's Wood-yard, where Mr. Gourlay proposes to place Trinity College Church. For any of these improvements Mr. Gourlay expresses his readiness to contribute £500. A public meeting has been held in Edinburgh on the subject; and a number of persons have put down their names as supporters of these improvements—so that in the event of any of the designs meeting with popular approbation, it is not unlikely that means may be obtained, through Mr. Gourlay's aid, for carrying them out.—*Athenæum*.

If the low and beastly characters portrayed by the Dutch painters were introduced by way of contrast, or for some moral purpose, as in Hogarth's works, there might be some excuse; but in their hands, even children have the faces of squalid old men and women: yet, notwithstanding these objections to them, they are most profoundly skilled in the great technical beauties and difficulties of the Art, and are accordingly highly valued by the artist. As these merits, however, can only be tested by the enlightened and initiated, persons who belong to neither class must buy the Dutch pictures, for purposes unconnected with a legitimate admiration for painting.—*Life of Collins*.

It is to the absence of habits of reading—of frequent intercourse with the intellects of others, in a sister pursuit, that the inaptitude to originality—the perverse reiteration, by some modern artists, of subjects discovered and exhausted by their predecessors, is to be considered in no small degree to be due. The originality of the conception is more thoroughly dependent on the novelty of the subject, than is generally imagined. A new passage in history may mould a new form of composition, and a fresh description of Nature lead to a fresh choice of scenery, more frequently and more readily than the artist may always suppose.—*Collins*.